The
COMMONWEAL

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Soviet-Vatican; Communism-Religion

THE polemic between communist and Catholic papers reached new intensity when *Izvestia* attacked the new cardinals elect and the whole recent history and policy of the Vatican, and when *Osservatore Romano* replied in detail, calling the lies "lies" fifteen times. Not every contention of *Izvestia* is shown false, but those which are true are made the tools of the over-all false propaganda and integral to the general smear tactic.

A nice quote gives the character of the official communist effort: "This new Cardinal [New York's Archbishop Spellman] did his utmost to defend the Vatican when the latter, in the year after Japan's treacherous attack at Pearl Harbor, and in spite of the countless crimes of Japanese imperialism, benevolently received the Japanese Ambassador." The Goebbelsian insolence of this observation carries on clear through the range of indignation to a kind of pure esthetic appreciation. The duties and rights of neutrals (and civilization) aside — what, O Proprietors of *Izvestia*, were your relations to the Japanese government during the year after Pearl Harbor, and what did your relations remain for long, long, until Japan was defeated, prostrate and in the act of suing for peace . . . all that time when Archbishop Spellman was serving in European, in Mediterranean, in the enormous Pactific theater of war as head chaplain of millions of Catholics soldiers and sailors?

The fields of religion and of politics are not cut off from each other by any strong and safe bundling board, but the continuing effort and fair success at keeping them separated has been an essential drive of Western civilization since the introduction of Christianity. Caesaropapism was the old retrograde tendency, suffered generally more to the East, and totalitarianism is the final and absolute denial of the doctrine of the two swords, a barbarizing attack against a central and necessary factor of Western civilization. Since Russia's recent re-recognition of the Orthodox Church, overwhelming evidence has piled up to convince almost every observer that once again, within the sphere of Soviet power, the schismatic but very glorious and very full Orthodox Church is again being injured and in turn giving injury because of the old Eastern bias toward caesaropapism. The Communist Party, officially atheist and practically totalitarian, most ruthlessly rides over the distinctions of Church and State, of private and public, of religion and politics. *Osservatore Romano* says, "As usual, *Izvestia* confuses religious moves with political ones," deliberately, it appears to us, and also, probably, gradually through a more innocent, more Philistine unawareness, as Russians are carried ever further from the fountainhead of our culture.

The first problem is that Russia's government recognizes no real sphere of religion distinct from the State. After that, there are innumerable issues properly religious and philosophical wherein the Russian government, protagonist of atheism, naturally lines up against the Pope, whose rôle is Vicar of Christ.

Then there are the uncountable and harrowing issues, political in character, but at the same time embodying moral judgment and involving conditions on earth which grant individual man freedom to follow religion or prevent him and warp him. These mixed issues we must try to disentangle and clarify and judge with sincerity. It is not only the right, but also the duty of the Popes to sound the alarm that matters of faith and morals are involved when such broad problems as treatment of the exiles and displaced, the status of out-of-power groups in states run by dictatorial régimes, the rights of families opposite departments of education, the right to repair, build and operate buildings, etc., etc., are debated and acted upon. No system which prohibits persons from having freedom to follow faith, hope and charity according to their serious and enlightened conviction in seeking solutions of these problems can escape the opposition of Christians and all others who share a deep concern for the reinvigoration of free society.

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Two Party and Popular Front

THE TWO-PARTY system is a wonderful thing in England and America. Nothing is more satisfactory than to have a party in power with a high sense of responsibility to the nation, and a party out of power, a most loyal opposition, acting also for the benefit of the nation. In this system the two parties are exchangeable—Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee—the nation knows they both have Played the Game at Eton, Groton, or at other institutions too numerous to mention and that they carry with them, treasuring it, the idea of Fair Play wherever they go. The voters vote; they belong to the system; they know that whomever they vote for belongs to the system, believes in the system, desires to preserve it. The Briton counts his Kings and Queens and Prime Ministers; the American his Presidents, and also people like Bryan, like Al Smith, whose names sound more or less like the names of Presidents, like the romantic names of popular Pretenders; Americans and Britons feel that their countries, together with the system by which their affairs are managed, have been going on forever and will go on forever. An enviable, an admirable state of affairs.

That is why, looking at the parliaments of the continent of Europe, from England, from America, we have always thought them funny — or lamentable.

Before this war political parties were so numerous, the fragmentation so great, that these parliaments either abdicated their authority to dictatorship, or persisted in academic frustration and verbiage until the capitals in which they sat were occupied by alien armies. And now after the war the parliaments in the liberated countries present another spectacle; that of the Coalition Government or Popular Front Government—in which Socialists, Communists and Republicans (Christian Democrats or whatever else) huddle together in paralyzed indecision, knowing that their countries will be split in two (but not into a British or American two-party system) should they separate. They know that the Communists with a fraction of the Socialists could govern—plus a political police—or that the Christian Democrats with a fraction of the Socialists—plus some generals and machine guns—could govern. But they know that either of these combinations would be governing a country fighting a civil war.

The paradox is this. The two-party system does not mean a country divided in half; it means a country united in all fundamentals. The Coalition or Popular Front system does not mean a united country entrusting its government to three or more parties; it means a country desperately engaged in avoiding the outbreak of civil war.

It is with some urgency that we add this; America and England are fortunate in their parliamentary system; the nations of Europe unfortunate—in this, as most obviously also in the ruins, uncertainty, disease, poverty, hunger and sorrow upon which their life, their governments, their parliamentary system must be built. That is the fact, and there is no use planning to send each one of them a pretty two-party system of government as a present on Guy Fawkes Day or on the Fourth of July. They would not know what to do with it.

And we would not know what to do with it, British or Americans, we never would have invented it, we would not know how to make it run had not our century-old prosperity, our freedom from fear and from want, granted us the tranquillity of spirit on which its existence is and must be based.

Our Philippine Responsibility

ACCORDING to the Tydings-McDuffy Act, passed way back in '34, the Philippine Islands will attain independence within five months. They are about to enter upon a new way of political life under the most grievous handicaps. The production facilities which were not compassed by nearly three years of Japanese looting and destruction were devastated by our own shelling and bombing. No one denies that major steps must be taken to assure the rehabilitation of a brave people and gallant ally whose fiery loyalty saved the lives of many American servicemen.

Congress has before it a two-point program. The first part would repair war damages, which are estimated by a government commission at $800,000,000. In arriving at an appropriation this figure has, however, been pared considerably. The first chunk to be lopped off is $150,000,000, representing the property losses of Chinese and other foreigners in the islands. (They may be friends and allies but we have agreed only to reimburse American and Filipino property owners.) Then church properties are divided into two categories: churches, rectories, convents, etc., and church institutions such as schools and hospitals. The first of these have a special status in the bill thus far passed by the Senate and yet to be acted on in the House. For some strange reason only $5,000,000 is allocated to repair the ravages to churches of all denominations in the Philippines, although Catholic churches alone sustained losses totaling six times that amount. The hope is that this injustice will be rectified in the House. In all, the $450,000,000 which the Senate has specified is to enable Americans and Filipinos to recover 75 percent of their war losses.

The second part of the program is more complex. It has to do with the vital task of assuring a going economy for the newly independent

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islands to whom we owe so much. Recent visitors declare that while the hemp and coconut (copra and oils) industries will quickly revive, the all-important sugar industry will require at least two more years before regaining full-fledged operation. During the war many cane fields had to be converted to the cultivation of rice in order to sustain human life, while in one of the most important sugar-producing areas only two of the twelve sugar mills now remain standing.

In view of all this it is proposed that present free trade arrangements with the islands be prolonged for eight years after independence, with continuation of present American import quotas for Philippine crops. Tariffs would then be imposed gradually over the next twenty-five-year period. The proposed legislation is decidedly in the right direction, although a fifteen-year tariff respite would give the Philippine economy a better chance of getting on its feet.

With the modifications suggested, the two proposed provisions comprise an admirable beginning. But if we are serious about seeing through our responsibilities—and recognize the importance to us of a strong, prosperous Philippines—we will go further. American capital, technicians and educators will collaborate in fostering the establishment of viable industries on an adequate scale, for lands which remain only raw material producers are condemned to perennial poverty.

Labor and Power

THIS COMMENT being chiefly concerned with Mr. John L. Lewis, is also— and very appropriately—chiefly concerned with power. What we seek to do is clarify the power situation in American organized labor without regard to approval or disapproval. For whether you are generally pro-labor or anti-labor, you are forced to take into account the distribution of power in the labor movement if you would make any attempt to foresee how that power will make its impact upon American life.

Speaking broadly, a primary difference between the present CIO and the AFL lies in the fact that the bigger and more powerful CIO unions (with certain exceptions) deal with a relatively small number of very large managements, whereas the most powerful of the AFL brotherhoods deal with large numbers of smaller employers. The result is that the current CIO strikes make a very large splash in our industrial puddle. At the same time, a strike against US Steel is a far more costly strike than any the AFL might undertake, with the possible exception—now, and at long last—of a coal strike, since Brother Lewis deals with the coal mines as two large bargaining units, rather than with each mine management separately.

This difference makes the CIO very strong as long as it is successful, but terribly vulnerable even to a single major defeat. And since the CIO is younger and includes substantially no closed unions, its funds are far more limited. It would be impossible to state with any accuracy the total resources available to the various constituent internationals in the AFL. But no one can dispute the simple fact that their treasuries contain several times the total cash resources of all CIO unions.

What Mr. Lewis's return to the AFL signifies, then, is the introduction of a strategically brilliant leader with a union completely under his domination into a movement which has been building up great reservoirs of power, but without much dynamism in its leadership. If Mr. Lewis really wants to make a ripple in the pool of our economic life, what he can do would make what the CIO has done look almost like untroubled calm. This is by no means to say that Mr. Lewis intends to do this, since his actions—despite much talk—have always had extremely practical and strictly limited aims. But we should not forget his proposal of a royalty on every ton of coal mined, nor should we forget his predisposition to vote and act Republican. Least of all should we forget that extraordinary brainchild of his, District 50, one of the neatest strategic devices ever dreamed up in the American labor movement.

It is indicative of how great a shift in power has been effected by Mr. Lewis's action that at present only the AFL could, if it wished, effect anything like a general strike in this country, using coal to tie up industry and District 50 to tie up transportation.

Were the CIO to suffer any major defeat, it would be a simple business for Mr. Lewis to use District 50 as a means to increase his own power, and hence, incidentally, the power of the AFL. District 50 is a microcosm labor movement in itself. It can organize workers in anything, and has done so whenever Mr. Lewis has seen a reason for doing so. It includes dairymen, railway trainmen, tugboat workers, chemical workers—the list could be continued almost indefinitely. That this homunculus should now be within the fold of the AFL, many of whose sedate internationals have at one time or another trembled at its threats to go a-raiding in their various territories, has its amusing aspects. But it has other and obvious aspects as well.

In any case, Mr. Lewis's return to his first allegiance considerably reduces the power potential of the CIO and makes the AFL clearly the most potent element in American organized labor. Only its strictly federal setup stands in the way of its overshadowing the CIO as greatly as its resources make possible, for the CIO's great remaining asset is its more closely knit organization.

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Our Argentine Blunder

How our correspondents, diplomats and commentators misread the situation

Christopher Emmet

FOR MORE than two years the Argentine question has been one of the burning issues in American foreign policy. It disrupted the unity of the hemisphere war effort, threatened Pan-American solidarity and divided or postponed conferences of the American nations. It also provided one of the major crises of the San Francisco Conference whose repercussions affected our relations with Russia, lowered our prestige throughout the world, and produced important resignations in the State Department.

Until last October it looked as if our recent State Department policy, led by Spruille Braden, had been crowned with success when Colonel Peron was ousted and even placed under arrest. But his sensational comeback, based apparently on the mass support of substantial elements of the Argentine working class, now confronts us with an entirely new situation. It is not only apparent that our tactics in opposing Peron have failed. It is apparent that we have had a false impression in this country of what it was we were opposing.

Unfortunately, however, this does not mean that the tendencies of the Peron movement in the Argentine are any less dangerous than we thought. The danger may well be greater precisely because Peron is stronger. There is no mystic virtue which makes majorities automatically right, especially when they have been deceived by governments which propagate the "big lie" as Colonel Peron has done. His newspaper *L'Epoca* gave a perfect illustration of this Nazi technique when, in a fake report of the recent dock strike in New York, it invented the fantastic legend that "tens of thousands of American dock workers marched in a demonstration" shouting for "an American Peron," because they envied the gains of the Argentine workers.

The imagination which conceived that impudent invention deserves a grudging respect. At least someone in Peron's gang has a sense of humor. (The joke is that at the time of the dockers' strike, hardly one American in a million had ever heard of Peron's labor concessions, let alone believed in their sincerity.) But we should not ignore the fact that the government of a great American country is already using one of the most vicious of fascist techniques to the hilt, and has used others, such as censorship, anti-Semitism, beatings and arrests, at least to some degree.

It would be futile to pretend (as some do) that Argentine *already* has a fascist régime, because there is still a great liberal press, mass meeting against the government attended by hundreds of thousands are still permitted, and nationwide business lockouts are organized with impunity. Peron has so far not even begun to organize a one-party system of government. The fact that we still hear so much about the fascist menace from the Argentine itself is of course the proof that there is no real fascism there yet. When the Argentine press begins to speak with one voice, when complete order reigns and when elections are won by 90 percent majorities, then we will know that Argentina has a totalitarian régime.

Nevertheless, the beginnings of fascism are there now, in a sense which is not true of other Latin American dictatorships. And this trend, combined with the well established pro-German record of the Peron clique, fully justifies the opposition of the United States Government.

The trouble has not been with our aims but with our methods. We blundered seriously because we misjudged Peron's strength, for obviously the kind and extent of the pressure needed to overthrow him, and the Argentine reaction to such pressure, would depend on the nature and the extent of Peron's following. It is the thesis of this article that we were right to oppose the Peron movement as potentially "fascist," but that we opposed it in the wrong way because we had a partly mistaken concept of the nature of fascism. In short, we tried to do the right thing in the wrong way and partly for the wrong reason.

But before touching on these theoretical questions let us first consider how far we were wrong and why we were wrong on the basic facts of Peron's strength, since the worst blunder in military or political war is to underrate the enemy.

The blame for this mistake must rest not only on some of our officials but largely on the heads of a few American newspapermen who have molded American public opinion on the Argentine more than any others. Among them are Arnaldo Cortesi of the New York *Times,* Joseph Newman of the New York *Herald Tribune,* and Virginia Pruett and Ray Josephs of *PM,* who has been

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writing and speaking throughout this country since his return. It is largely the facts and appraisals they reported which most American headline writers, radio commentators and newspaper columnists relayed (with the usual over-simplification) to the American people.

These correspondents did not altogether suppress the fact that Peron was trying to woo the Argentine working class, but they did fail to give this anything like the emphasis which the scale and the progress of the effort deserved. Their natural sympathy with the cause of Argentine democracy led them to accept uncritically the wishful thinking and the excusable political propaganda of the anti-Peron elements who, like all politicians, tend to play down the opposition. Yet it was the function of newspaper correspondents not to be deceived by propaganda even in a good cause.

Now these correspondents have suddenly reversed themselves and most of them talk as if Peron was bound to win the coming election *no matter how it is held.* But the fact that they have made this somersault without even admitting that they have changed their minds or giving any adequate explanation of the change, has merely increased public confusion.

To show the extent of the wishful thinking among Argentine liberals, four leaders of the great Argentine labor unions who oppose Peron spoke in New York at a dinner given by the Council for Pan-American Democracy last September, on their way to the World Trade Union Congress in Paris. They were: Francisco Perez Teiros, Julio Falasco, Ruben Iscaro and Antonio Cabrera, and each of them denied categorically than Peron *had any labor support whatever.* Their thesis was that Peron's "following" consisted exclusively of paid thugs and "goons," and this thesis was accepted without question by an unusually well-informed American audience, including some well-known authorities on Latin America.

On July 7th Arnaldo Cortesi, after referring to Peron's claims, quoted (with approval) a similar group of top ranking Argentine labor leaders as follows: "The Government with all its means of propaganda couldn't get more than 10,000 to attend a rally if it worked at it a whole week."

Let us contrast this with some passages from Cortesi in the October 19th New York *Times,* and ask ourselves whether a colossal hoax has not been put over on the American people:

> Even allowing for the unusual circumstances under which yesterday's events occurred, it seems clear that Colonel Peron has more support among the working classes than most people believed. The crowd that gathered in the Plaza de Mayo yesterday did not number 500,000 as Colonel Peron claimed, but possibly it did number as much as 80,000 or 100,000.
>
> They were mostly very young, many mere boys, but they were undoubtedly for the most part recruited from the working classes. Indeed, from their looks it would appear *that Colonel Peron's appeal is mostly to the very poorest among the population.* This is confirmed by the fact that the first strikes in protest against Colonel Peron's removal from the government occurred in such provinces as Salta and Tucuman, which are economically the most backward.
>
> It is equally clear that Colonel Peron is far from having the whole, or even the greater part of labor on his side. . . . But it is evident that the control of the leading labor organizations is in Colonel Peron's hands, and that he has enough support among the rowdiest and toughest of the rank and file to impose his will upon the rest.

To make matters worse for our correspondents and "authorities," the trend is evidently in Peron's favor, for on December 14th Cortesi estimated the crowd which attended a mass meeting of Peron's labor followers, the day before, at 100,000 to 150,000! *Time* estimated this crowd at 200,000.

Describing this meeting on December 23, Cortesi repeats his observations on the previous rally that most of the vast crowd came from the "humblest and poorest among the Argentine workers." But the account in *Time* remarks that there were also many better dressed people, showing the inroads Peron has made in the great Radical Party as well.

Cortesi further remarked that he "was impressed by several thousand persons who got soaked to the skin last month standing in the rain for four hours, without any noticeable decrease of enthusiasm, in the hope—which was finally disappointed—of hearing Sr. Peron speak."

Joseph Newman, the equally influential *Herald Tribune* correspondent, made an even more startling admission on October 21st, when he said:

> Colonel Juan Peron, by means of a general strike which tied up the entire country for 24 hours, paralyzed the forces of democratic opposition. His success in proving yesterday that he has such power alarmed the *middle* and *upper* classes of the country, *which were principally responsible for the campaign which was waged against him!*

On October 25th Newman reported again:

> Peron's move from the wealthy to the poor section of town is clearly intended to demonstrate a physical break with the upper class and an alliance with the lower class. . . . *Peron actually broke long ago with the wealthy class, which is among his strongest opponents,* and is looking principally to labor to elect him as President. (Italics mine throughout.)

Yet previous to this Peron's movement was almost invariably depicted in America as a purely military one, resting on soldiers, the police, great landowners and big business without any mass support—let alone support from the workers!

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We will return later to the implications of these admissions. But in our reaction to such startling proof of the unreliability of our former

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impressions both about the nature and extent of Peron's support, we must avoid the danger of going too far in the other direction and exaggerating his labor strength.

It is impossible to gauge the exact proportions of the two labor camps, but here are a few more estimates. On October 23, after Peron had proved his power, Joseph Newman reported an interview with anti-Peron labor leaders who conceded that Peron has the support of 20 percent of organized labor. But in view of their previous mistakes we must discount this estimate as too low, especially since these leaders would naturally tend to place the estimate as low as possible. Moreover, one of the most important of the anti-Peron labor leaders, Pedro Chiaranti, head of the Construction Workers Union, admitted that only 500,000 of the 3,000,000 workers in Argentina are organized, and went on to say that "As no one has any specific information regarding the sentiments of 2,500,000 unorganized workers, an estimate of Peron's support can only be made on the basis of 500,000 organized workers." However, it is precisely among the unorganized workers that one would expect to find Peron's largest following.

Another source hostile to Peron, a State Department spokesman, last October placed Peron's followers among *organized* workers at 30 percent, and the success of the general strike would seem to bear this out as a minimum estimate.

In any case we know now that Peron has managed to build up powerful and genuine support within the labor movement, because even when part of the Army and most of the Navy turned against him and he was out of power and under arrest, his labor following was strong enough to create a mass movement all over the country which brought him back to power. It was a left-wing revolutionary movement which achieved one of the most complete general strikes yet seen in the Argentine or anywhere else. It benefitted from the neutrality of the police, which was sympathetic to Peron. But the police did not impose the strike, and of course they could not. They simply stood aside and refused to interfere.

All this would not have surprised us if some of the unpleasant facts of life about the Argentine had been squarely faced by our foreign correspondents or our news analysts here at home. For instance, it was a matter of record that it was the *left wing* of the Radical Party, largest political party in the Argentine, which months ago allied itself with Peron through some of its most prominent leaders, including Peron's Foreign Minister Isaac Cooke. (Since then a still larger section of the Radicals, led by the well-known liberal, Sabbatini, has split away from the Peron opposition.)

Nor was the American reading and radio public made properly aware that Peron, as Secretary of Labor and Social Welfare, had issued a series of pro-labor decrees drastically raising wages, especially in the lower brackets, and had even proposed a 25 percent cut for labor on all corporation profits. This last measure has had to be postponed until after the elections due to opposition from within the Argentine government, close as it is to Peron. But the government has now officially raised wages from 18 1/3 percent to 33 1/3 percent *with the greatest increases going to the lowest paid workers.*

Peron's government has also increased taxes all round and introduced an excess profits tax for the first time in Argentine history. Besides this, employers already are required to pay 11 percent of all salaries to the government pension and welfare fund!

The government has further created a new National Institute of Remunerations, which will apply its provisions and will fix new minimum wages and basic wages. These will vary according to local conditions and will be increased or reduced to fluctuations of living costs and to the economic prosperity of each branch of economic activity. They will be fixed on recommendations from local committees composed of equal numbers of employers' and workers' representatives.

These measures sound like a combination of President Truman's fact finding boards with the extreme wage demands of the CIO—a strange program for the alleged champion of "Fascist *Reactionaries.*"

Nor did American correspondents properly bring out, until Newman suddenly stressed it as quoted above, that ultra-conservatives and big business interests in the Argentine played a key part in the *opposition* to Peron, a fact which should not have surprised us because their position had been secure before Peron and the Colonels came to power. For instance, there had been an insignificant income tax in the Argentine, and they could hardly be expected to enthuse over Peron's labor decrees.

How many otherwise well-informed Americans realized that last June the powerful Sociedad Rural, the association which represents the Estancieros, or great land-owning interests, issued a manifesto denouncing Peron and all his works and accusing him of creating "labor unrest"? This was reported in the New York *Times,* and big business opposition to Peron was occasionally mentioned by Cortesi, but not often enough or with enough emphasis to challenge the false picture which was current in America. To make matters worse, Cortesi's own errors of emphasis were grossly magnified by most American columnists, commentators and editorial writers with their usual weakness for over-simplifying the news.

Joseph Newman, who has a better record than

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Cortesi or Josephs, did report last September that the President of the Sociedad Rural, the President of the Associacion Industrial (the equivalent of our National Association of Manufacturers) and the President of the Argentine Bankers' Association were all arrested by Peron. This should have been sensational news but it passed absolutely unnoticed, because it contradicted the prevailing left-wing bedtime story about wicked reactionary big business "fascists," which most of our commentators and columnists were busy telling.

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And now the show-down between Peron and business is complete. The Argentine Industrial Union, an employers group, voted almost unanimously on December 22nd to defy Peron's wage increase decrees described above; only three dissenting votes were cast. Finally this opposition culminated in the nation-wide lockout of January 15th by which practically all Argentine business lined up against the Peron-Farrell government.

Yet in spite of this overwhelming, if belated, evidence from the American correspondents themselves about Argentine business and conservative opposition to Peron, former Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau at the *Herald Tribune* Book Review lunch, on January 9th, repeated the old canard about Peron and his reactionary big business support. The fact that Morgenthau could be guilty of this "boner" at so late a date gives a rough idea of the distorted picture which had been given to the American people.

All this, of course, does not necessarily mean that Big Business dominates the opposition to Peron or that Peron really has a majority of the country behind him, although some observers now believe so. We know that most of the organized students, professional classes, intellectuals, socialists and the old labor unions all oppose him, and with the anti-Peron conservatives they almost certainly form a majority of the country. Five hundred prominent Catholics have also signed a manifesto against him. But all these elements are not really united, and the fact that Peron has a large united minority behind him, based on workers and the lowest income groups, might easily mean that he would win a free election in the Argentine—a prediction which was made even before Peron's comeback by some anti-Peron Argentine exiles in this country.

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Such is the unrealistic picture of Peron's strength which was given to the American people. And, as far as we know, the American Government was receiving the same sort of distorted picture from most of our official representatives in the Argentine, since the expressions of the State Department and the speeches of Ambassador Braden have been along similar lines. This may explain the reluctance of our Latin American allies, even some of the most anti-nazi of them such as the governments of Mexico, Colombia, and Chile, to give wholehearted support to the U.S. Government's Argentine policy. Uruguay is the only outstanding exception. It also goes far to explain the British attitude. Presumably it was not so much that these countries failed to sympathize with our anti-Peron aims but that they lacked confidence in our tactics and leadership, especially when we failed adequately to consult them in advance, as Sumner Welles has charged.

Obviously, if Peron were hated and opposed by a vast majority of the Argentine people, then our intervention would have been welcomed as a deliverance. But the situation is entirely different if Peron has considerable support, or if the opposition to Peron is divided and part of it distrusted because of its big business connections, or if some of the same people who dislike Peron also dislike United States intervention because of the traditional Argentine pride.

The facts as we now know them seem to justify the position which Sumner Welles has taken outside our government, and which Nelson Rockefeller is reported to have taken inside the government until his recent resignation. Welles argued that because of the distrust of the United States in Latin America, dating from the days of so-called "Yanqui Imperialism" and "Dollar Diplomacy," it was wrong for the U.S. to take the lead as it did in the attacks on the Argentine Government. Our policy should have been more fully coordinated with and supported by other Latin American countries, so that it could not be smeared as a North American policy which was being imposed on the other Latin American countries.

Technically, perhaps, the United States has not proceeded unilaterally in dealing with the Argentine, not at least since the Act of Chapultepec, because our stand has been based since then on Argentina's failure to carry out the promises then made. Although we did postpone the Rio Conference without consultation. But the point is that Ambassador Braden's violent speeches, however much truth they contained, dramatized the conflict between Argentina and the United States rather than between Argentina and the whole Pan-American Union, since no South American statesman spoke in any comparable tone.

No doubt Braden did encourage the outspoken opponents of Peron in the Argentine, but events indicate that he also produced a reaction which strengthened Peron with other elements of the population who resented such open U.S. interference. To them Braden's policy must have appeared as a kind of Intervention by Insult, which

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is at once the most provocative and the least effective brand.

Moreover the economic half-measures, with which our policy was backed up, were enough to be irritating but not enough to be effective. They could not be effective without British support and Britain, desperately pressed as she is economically, could not join us at least until we had settled our financial negotiations with Britain on a generous basis.

All of which underlines the point that any effective action against Peron must be based not only on unity with Latin America but on unity with the British. As it is, Foreign Minister Bevin in a recent speech claimed that even the mild financial measures which we had taken against Argentina were hampering food shipments to Europe where the situation is so desperate. Actually our half hearted economic pressure may have had an effect similar to the limited sanctions against Italy during the Ethiopian War, which did more than anything else temporarily to restore Mussolini's popularity. In a second article, next week, I plan to analyze further some of the points of difference and similarity between Peron's movement and the Nazi-Fascist movements in Europe and, in the light of this diagnosis, to outline a United States policy toward the Argentine.

Trolley to Tulsa

The Algeresque career of a Baltimore street car motorman

T. D. Lyons

WHEN I first saw Tulsa in the summer of 1907, it was a town of about 10,000 people, who milled up and down both sides of the "Magic City's" Main Street, on the hot July evenings between six o'clock in the afternoon and sundown. There were isolated blocks of paving, but these did not prevent the wind from whipping the sand into the air and into all the restaurants. Even ham and eggs was garnished with fine grains of sand and eaten to the music of the buzzing of many flies. Even so, the crowd stood in line a hundred deep to get a plate of ham and eggs or bacon and beans.

About Christmas, 1907, the jewelry store (there was but one) displayed a magnificent diamond tiara in the store window, bearing a placard stating "Price $12,500. The gift of Alphaeus Reckard to his bride. Marriage ceremony to be performed in the ballroom of the Robinson Hotel, at high noon, on New Year's Day. All tool-dressers, roustabouts, drillers and drilling contractors respectfully invited." Mr. Reckard had been a substantial oil operator in the West Virginia fields, but on one Christmas day, at his residence in Pittsburgh, after protracted dissensions with his wife, he delivered to her a deed to the home and all his personal property; then he took a dollar bill out of his pocket, emptied his wallet, and said he was leaving to start life again. He went to Spindle Top and had no luck. Later, in the Indian Territory phrase, he met up with Mrs. Zula Harris, who operated a boarding-house in one of the Texas fields. His wife had divorced him and he secured money and credit from Mrs. Harris and came to Sapulpa, where he secured an "overriding interest" in some leases. He made a strike, and the diamond tiara was a token of love and affection to his bride-to-be, Mrs. Zula Harris.

As the Glenn Pool money poured in, the town became paved, and some social distinctions began to be noted. People who had money went to Colorado for a summer vacation, to get away from the heat. They also went on holiday trips to the Hotel Baltimore, Kansas City, and both of these matters were items of social discussion. The plays enjoyed in Tulsa were "The Round-up," and later "The Lion and the Mouse." Then the musical comedies began to appear and they furnished topics of conversation for the socially élite at the newly built wooden country club. There were a few automobiles in town, principally the Reo and other familiar cars, although a Pierce Arrow had made its appearance. A big car was a badge of social standing, and a membership in the country club was equal to Ward McAllister's hallmark. The Magic City began to outstrip Muskogee, in population.

In 1912 or '13, Tom Slick, known as the "king of the wild-catters," drilled a 2500-foot test in western Creek County. The log of the well omitted any reference to the Bartlesville sand. However, Tom Slick and his geologist were aware that he had encountered the Bartlesville, although it was not productive of oil. Later, when some question was made as to the omission in the log, Tom Slick testified, "Yes, I left the finding of the Bartlesville out of the log, I wasn't living on

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coffee and chili and sitting up all night taking one drilling tower myself, to find news for the big stiffs working for the major oil companies in Tulsa, who got their information by sitting glued to their chairs." Later, in 1913, the Bartlesville sand was discovered, in what came to be known as the Cushing field, although the town of Cushing was located in the county west of Creek County where the field lay. This was considered at that time the greatest and most prolific oil field in the world, and it made many new millionaires, and stimulated the growth of the "Magic City." Speculators came from New York, London, and The Hague, and from every state in the Union, to get in on the great oil strike.

There are many interesting tales, but one of the strangest concerns Josh Cosden, a young man who in the days of the Glenn Pool, when Bill Roeser was the oil king, was still performing his duties as a street car motorman in Baltimore.

The great influx of money and people changed the social trend in Tulsa. Colorado, as a vacation ground, although the climate had not changed there, was considered too bourgeois for the Cushing millionaires. The Baltimore Hotel at Kansas City was never mentioned. Instead, they spoke of "the Waldorf in New York," and refered to "Laurette Taylor," "Peg O' My Heart," and the "Follies" and the "Winter Garden." The only automobiles in which they could ride were the Rolls-Royce and Pierce Arrow. They bought jewelry at Tiffany's. Their females shone resplendent in diamonds and Paris gowns at the dances at the country club. If they talked vacations, it was a trip to Havana or Nassau, and a few even claimed to have had cottages at Bar Harbor. The literary taste had changed too. In the Glenn Pool days, the "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" and "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" were literary items. Now, "Arnold Bennett" and "G. B. Shaw" were casually referred to, and the new novel which was the vogue was entitled "T. Tembaron."

★

The young street car motorman did not start in Oklahoma as a member of the Country Club set. In some way he gathered up a little money in Baltimore, doffed his street car employee's uniform and got in on a shoestring, by investing in what was known as a "skimming plant" (a small ill-equipped refinery) at Bigheart, in the Osage Nation. He began to make money and secured strong financial backing, in Baltimore. Then suddenly his property was wiped out and his prospects apparently ruined. An "Oklahoma twister" struck Bigheart and scattered Josh Cosden's skimming plant over one-third of Osage County. The insurance was inadequate, and failure stared him in the face. However, with the knack or genius or talent for success which the brilliant individual seems to possess, he turned defeat into victory. He borrowed a thousand dollars on his life insurance, paid it down on an option for an old abandoned refinery at West Tulsa, rode the day-coach back to Baltimore and came back with money enough to get going again. Then the war came on. The demand for gasoline became imperative. The price soared. He raised more money and got in strong, at Cushing. His luck and success were so marked that he could buy new properties simply with an additional stock issue of his company.

One young lawyer who had a little shabby office a few years previously on the same floor with ours in the old First National Building, started to examine abstracts for a small company at cut-rate prices of three abstracts for twenty-five dollars. The manager of the company, largely as a matter of social pride, wrote him a letter stating that in addition to the small cash payment, he would be given "a carried interest" of one-eighth in the company holdings. This would entitle him to one-eighth of the profits, which at that time were, indeed, nebulous. However, it turned out that this company had a large acreage in the Cushing field. They managed to drill a test well which came in as a producer, and Cosden bought them out for $12,000,000, netting the young lawyer $1,500,000 for his carried interest.

Mr. Cosden, himself, built a magnificent mansion in an aristocratic suburb of "the Magic City," and gave the community its first real taste of landscaping, tennis courts and sunken gardens. His mansion was designed by an Eastern architect and was, indeed, a thing of beauty. On the occasion of his floating the new stock issue, to buy the $12,000,000 properties in the Cushing field, he brought stockholders and directors from the East in a special train of Pullmans. A great banquet was held in the dining room of the new home, and a salary of $1,000,000 was voted to President Cosden, and the directors were instructed to take out insurance on his life in the sum of $10,000,000. Many of the Tulsa males began to appear rather shyly and coyly on Sunday morning in tail-coats and striped trousers, and some boasted that they had their clothes made in New York by Wetzel, but Josh raised the bet on all of them; he had 150 suits made by the leading London tailor. He had a fleet of automobiles, a half dozen Rolls-Royces and a half dozen Pierce Arrows.

John T. Milliken, the owner of the Golden Cycle Mine, who was wild-catting in Oklahoma, declined to go into a partnership with Josh in the development of 20,000 acres. The deal looked good on its face, but Milliken said, "No. When they fly too high, it's only a question of time till they fall too hard." Milliken had bought 160 acres with an

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offset drilling for $100,000. We had put the money in escrow, because there was a serious question as to the title being sufficient unless the deeds were approved by the County Court of Wagoner County. See Harris v. Bell, 254 US 103, Stewart v. Keyes, 295 US 403, to the effect that the proviso of the Act of May 27, 1908, is not intended to include a conveyance made by the guardian of a minor or incompetent heir pursuant to a sale directed and approved by the court having control of the guardianship of the heir's estate. These decisions, of course, on the date when I had to act were still far in the future. An eminent lawyer had passed the title for Milliken's grantor, but we insisted on the approval by the County Court, and Milliken would not take the property and pay the money without our approval of the title.

While the application for approval was pending, two offset wells came in. Cosden, while en route to New York, stopped in St. Louis, between trains, and offered Milliken a million dollars profit for the quarter section. This was promptly accepted and Milliken closed the deal. Some details required attention at Tulsa, and Mr. Milliken came down and we attended to them. Cosden's legal adviser had great faith in the lawyer who had passed the title for Milliken's grantor and stated that he did not require the approval of the conveyances by the County Court. My law partner immediately got a letter from him, stating that our services were no longer required in that matter and that the purchaser, Cosden, and his attorneys would take it over, for such action as they deemed proper.

Milliken stayed over, to attend to some other matters, and a day after the sale was completed two other offset wells came in and the 160 acres was considered to have doubled in value. Some of the traders assumed that Milliken would be disappointed, but he stated his philosophy very succinctly, saying that "No man ever went broke taking a million dollars profit in a week on a piece of oil property. I hope that Cosden makes a full million on it; I wish he would make ten million."

It was some time later that we visited Josh in his marvelous New York offices, the entrance to which was considered a triumph of the architectural art. He occasionally sent us some law business, but nothing of striking magnitude. On one occasion, he invited us to meet a distinguished visitor, none other than the Prince of Wales, who was his guest at his Long Island estate, but we realized that this was slightly out of our depth and respectfully declined.

Then we heard rumors that Josh had gone into the cotton market. Milliken told us that he heard that our "de luxe" client, Cosden (so Milliken styled him), said that "making a million dollars a year was all right in Tulsa, but that in New York, with his social environment, he needed ten million a year." Milliken said, "I understand he made a killing in the cotton market, but if he goes back in again, my guess is his company will have another name."

Josh made the mistake of going back in again, and sure enough he lost his company and his fine building in Tulsa. The name of the company was changed, and so was the name of the building.

He endeavored to start again, in Texas, with a new company, but it did not succeed. Several friends who had gone to Fort Worth reported that though he was still under 50 his face was lined like that of an aged man and his hair had turned completely white. Not long after, he died suddenly, on a train, en route to Albuquerque, in an endeavor to regain his health. The news created a sensation in Tulsa, but it was in that era when it was fashionable to think that ignorance was a better thing than knowledge, and that skill and experience were merely a handicap. In other words, it was at the time when some publicist said, "Youth per se was a career."

I had purchased the Tulsa *Tribune* on the street corner and was reading the details of Josh's death. Two young sprigs of the law, whose principal assets as practitioners consisted of a college degree, came by, and one of them said jeeringly, "Well, I see that another great hero of the Magic City has died absolutely busted. Judge," he said, "can't you explain to us why it is that nearly all the great men of that Cushing era seemed not to have sense enough to conserve their prosperity?" "Well," I answered, "instead of explaining at this time, I believe I will remind you about the old saw to the effect that winning or losing is not important but it is how you play the game." And I continued, "The late Mr. Cosden took his college course outside the ivy towers. A famous orator, speaking of Abraham Lincoln, said, 'He had the inestimable advantage of never seeing even the outside of a college until he debated with Stephen A. Douglas, at Galesburg.' Mr. Cosden was a graduate of the school of able street car motormen—he never stopped driving ahead."

The Ram's Horn

I blow on my shofar
(Or conch, which is shellfish)
A note of the solemnest.

History, so far,
From Cave Man to columnist
Seems for the most part fatally selfish.

Patriotisms, if you disturb 'em,
Get to be a terrible trap.
Learn to curb 'em:
Verbum
Sap.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Communications

THE GM STRIKE

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editors: Of the CIO strike against General Motors you say, "the outcome of the dispute will greatly influence the immediate future of American enterprise," "not as GM presents it," but certainly not as you present it. Most read your editorials, I should think, to note what principles THE COMMONWEAL brings to bear on issues misshapen by wild assertions and special pleading.

Instead of showing a Christian spirit of getting at the truth, the real meaning of what is involved, you reflect your interest in the tone of "GM has left Washington in a childish huff and won't come back unless it can leave its books behind." It could possibly be that it left Washington on principle? Or that it is difficult for your reader to conceive either side at this stage in what you call "a childish huff."

As you seem interested only in echoing the CIO arguments, just what do you mean by "looking at the books"? Full financial statements, as you must know, are in the public domain; if there is anything crooked about them, the SEC knows it and corrects it. Without going into all the kinds of financial information that a modern corporation today regularly is obliged to supply, I can only surmise that what the CIO and you mean by "the books" are the designs, estimates, calculations which GM will gamble on in the near future, a prognostication of what they hope their profits will be. Then, if I follow you, the CIO will demand a wage rate accordingly. And you say that charging me for a tie in accordance with my ability to pay is a false analogy.

What with the OPA, the determination of wages according to what seems to be your system is also determination of the profit permitted. Hitler and Mussolini had this system all worked out very nicely. Only here as yet, just this first step would tend to make GM, if it is managed with brilliant efficiency, become an aggrandized monopoly since any firms that could not meet the wage rate imposed on GM would go to the wall.

The implication that GM does not "acknowledge that the maintenance of wages at a level providing widely distributed purchasing power" is scarcely true, is it? Most of us wish that all other industry could keep wages as high as has GM. And is it true that GM has not offered to raise even these wages? Your bias just does not seem to be worthy. The whole tenor of your piece is that the employer is reprehensible if to every demand of labor unions he does not acquiesce. But suppose that all employers did, then what?

EDWARD KENNEDY.

It is true that THE COMMONWEAL'S *editorial position with regard to the General Motors strike has been favorable to the CIO. Our reason is simple: we believe that there is much truth to the auto workers' contention that take-home pay at 1945 levels was not adequate to support a reasonable standard of living in relation to prices. The union's use of the "ability to pay" argument was in fact far less pretentious than it has been made to appear. The union merely stated its belief that General Motors could afford to pay the increase demanded and stated its willingness to reduce its demands if GM could prove the contrary. That wage levels should bear a strict relationship to profits is GM's interpretation of the union's argument. Had the union been foolish enough to argue in this fashion (the logical result of the argument being that a poorly run company could justly pay starvation wages whereas a well run company would be forced to sacrifice the rewards of its competence) we would have pointed this out. Ability to pay has always been used as an argument in collective bargaining; in fact it operates merely as a limiting factor; if a company pays higher wages than it can afford it goes broke and ceases paying any wages at all.*—THE EDITORS.

FOOD FOR EUROPE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: A friend, from my childhood in FRANCE, who is now a Benedictine Father there, has sent me the following addresses of persons to whom food packages may be sent. He writes that all these addresses are "centers of good works, whence the packages will be distributed to really needy persons." THE COMMONWEAL'S interest in this kind of effort encourages me to send them to you, in the hope that you may be able to bring them to the attention of your readers.

Monsieur le Doyen de Lumbres
Lumbres (Pas de Calais)

Mlle. Jacqueline Rouillard
92 Avenue de Marechal Foch
Saint Germain en Laye (Seine et Oise)

Mlle. Germaine Croisille
20, rue Jues Lefebvre
Amiens (Somme)

Soeur Moreau
56 rue d'Hauteville
Paris X

Mlle. J. Bouton
24 Rue de la Bretonnerie
Orleans (Loiret)

STEPHEN C. CARROLL.

The Stage & Screen

The Magnificent Yankee

EMMET LAVERY'S play is a case in point, I think, of the inadvisability of using literary methods on the stage. The thing is straight biography, spanning the Washington years, thirty-one of them, in the life of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. Time, therefore, is really the protagonist of the piece, and makeup is made to substitute for drama, with each actor becoming either more and more cleverly, or more and more ludicrously, older and older and slower and slower until . . . the final . . . curtain . . . comes. Mr. Lavery covers too much ground. I think it was his main wish to present an historically perfect marriage, but he has not managed to show this in *operation,* merely in *review,* a process which certainly makes for nostalgia, i.e., sentimental reflection, i.e., unactable stuff at length. And the same is true of the other

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issues touched upon in the piece: the Brandeis and Schwimmer fights, the Justice's feeling about the two different Roosevelt administrations, a hint of his conclusions about Hitler. If anything at all is played out on the stage, it is age; everything else is discussed. There is never a question of a man being and doing; all is a kind of walking (gradually toddling) picture, with a supernumerary audience as well as ourselves.

I think too the author was not abetted by Arthur Hopkins's casting and direction. While each actor seems to have been liberally provided with a number of increasing gestures, the production carries no natural *business* at all and large areas of playing-space are not used. Some of the acting is downright bad. In the part of a permanent, start-to-finish Maid, one which could surely have livened and stitched the proceedings, Eleanor Swayne's work is something of a fiasco and should not have been used. Louis Calhern in the lead is intrepid, a *tour de force;* Dorothy Gish's Mrs. Holmes less impressive; the rest, with the exception of Philip Truex as one of the Secretaries, not good. It is, excuse me, a bore. (*At the Royale.*)

Nellie Bly

VICTOR MOORE inarticulately seasick in a so-called nineteenth century stateroom in a nineteenth century steamship gave me something of a lift during this eternal evening. Otherwise, I can only say the show, a saga of the female reporter's race around the world, seemed incomprehensible. I couldn't understand the costumes, the music nonplussed everyone, including the cast, and all the singing appeared to be wrongly pitched. As a vehicle for Mr. Moore and William Gaxton, the business was cheerless indeed. There is no question that these two great stylists are always worth watching, but certainly not, one wishes, with feelings of despair. (*At the Adelphi.*)

O Mistress Mine

PLAINLY and perfectly, this is Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt. There is absolutely nothing more to be said. (*At the Empire.*) KAPPO PHELAN.

While Women Weep

ONE would get an odd impression of the drama of our times if he were to judge by some of the current films—especially the three movies reviewed this week. These take place during the war years but maneuver their themes to sidetrack fighting and to emphasize the woman's point of view which is indeed teary. I don't know why two of the films, "My Reputation" and "Adventure," got involved in the war at all; the third, "Tomorrow Is Forever," is a modern version of the Enoch Arden story, so it could hardly avoid some war issues.

In *"My Reputation,"* Barbara Stanwyck plays a young widow whose mother (Lucile Watson), in mourning for the past 25 years, and whose two sons, with all the prudishness of a 12- and 14-year-old, object strenuously and rather nastily to her becoming merry. It's hard to tell whether she really loves the major (George Brent) who comes into her life or whether she carries on with him just to spite the malicious society set in Lake Forest, a Chicago suburb far enough north to miss the city's stockyard smells and virility. The major makes it clear to the lonely widow that he's not the marrying type, but she lets herself become interested anyway; and when he receives orders to go overseas, she agrees to accompany him as far as New York. Then her sons, believing the rumors they've heard about mama, run to Gramma; and mama comes running after. Everything is settled satisfactorily behind closed doors. The boys go home and Barbara says goodbye to George respectably at the depot. She also says she'll wait for him and never be lonely again. I'm not sure how she got him to change his mind about not being the marrying type; but I'm afraid this is what's called a "woman's picture" which means that women will love it and men will leave it—and may there be no moaning at the bar.

In *"Tomorrow Is Forever,"* Claudette Colbert plays a widow, or thinks she is a widow when her husband (Orson Welles) is reported dead in 1918. After her child is born, she marries a wealthy chemist (George Brent again—not that he's being typed as a man who marries widows; this is just one of those accidents of movie distribution and release dates). The first husband did not die, but was badly wounded and disfigured. He returns to America some 20 years later as a Viennese refugee and he soon gets mixed up in the affairs of his wife (who does not recognize him) and her second husband (for whom he works) and his own son, a very likeable chap interested in joining the RCAF. This is on the eve of another war, a conflict which the wife sees only in relation to her son. As you might imagine, this script, written by Lenore Coffee from a story by Gwen Bristow (no credit is given to A. Tennyson), calls for a lot of emoting. Director Irving Pichel lets Miss Colbert and Mr. Welles (heavily bearded but easily recognizable to an audience who had seen him even once before) emote all over the place. The contrived situations go on and on until every ounce of them is squeezed out of the cast and tears are jerked by every standard cliche. The surprising thing is that the youngsters in the cast stand up so well and manage to look real and fresh no matter how the oldsters overact. Particularly good are Natalie Wood, as a little Viennese girl brought to America, and Richard Long, as the son who feels he should be in the fight regardless of his mother's clinging to the dead past.

"Adventure" starts out as a strong masculine film, a stirring vehicle for Clark Gable's return to the screen. Clark plays a tough bosun, a man's man surrounded by other weather-beaten men of the sea (Thomas Mitchell, John Qualen, Tom Tully, Richard Haydn). This bunch spends five days in a lifeboat after his ship is torpedoed by the Japs. But once on land again, Mitchell, a bit touched in the head, thinks he's lost his soul. Clark's a bit touched too, and goes to a library to help Mitchell learn about lost souls. Greer Garson, as a ladylike and bright-eyed librarian, assists in the search, and soon pals around with Clark to prove to him that she's not the mild tomato he thought. Her friend (Joan Blondell) also

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falls for Clark, but being too eager, can't compete with Greer. Although Clark insists he doesn't believe in marriage (what's the matter with these guys, anyway?) Greer ropes him in. Then after the honeymoon he returns to the sea and she goes to Reno for a divorce. There's lots more to all this; in fact, Producer Sam Zimbalist and Director Victor Fleming tried to get practically everything into one film, but there is so much that most of it seems pretty skittish. The performances are amusing, but the script goes on flights of pseudo-metaphysics that leave the audience trailing behind in clouds of glamor glory. One wouldn't call this movie dull any more than most anthologies are dull, but don't expect it to add up to a sensible whole. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Opera Season

Old Men Are Funny

"DON PASQUALE" is based on the assumption that old men who want love are naturally comic, much in the same way that current movies assume the natural perfection of mentioning Brooklyn for getting a laugh. Donizetti is far from alone in this exuberant cruelty, there are swarms of Italian operas that repeat the formula. It is opera in its youth. As the nineteenth century wore on the emphasis shifted. Falstaff is, I suppose, comic for the same reason; but while Norina and Ernesto in "Don Pasquale" are youthfully devilish and in love, Mistress Ford, as Verdi himself pointed out, has the very devil in her. And she has a grown daughter as well.

One sees the shift in the later German operas. Whatever else they may excite, the "lovers" in "Tristan," "Meistersinger" and "Rosenkavalier" never exactly excite our sympathy. That is reserved for the old folks. How carefully, too, Baron Ochs, in this last opera, must be made coarse and unlovable lest we forget the comic tradition he is meant to fit into, lest we lose sight of his function as a "foil" to the sympathetic Marschallin. Our ideas have changed a little since "Pasquale," but a touch of the old cruelty remains—Ochs has to foot the bill.

The Aural East

WITH NEITHER cherry-blossoms nor parasols to distract me, I listened as attentively as possible to the revival of "Madama Butterfly" that was broadcast from the Metropolitan. It would seem that Puccini intended and calculated upon the dramatic effect of a scenic "voice" in his ensemble, since that having been denied me might explain the disparity between my waning interest in the opera and the evident delight it inspired in its visually stimulated public and critics. Less happens in "Butterfly" than in any other opera of comparative popularity I know of; possibly its nearest rival in this respect being "Tristan." But while one hardly expects of Puccini the innumerable goodies that Wagner offers to make up the difference, I don't think it unreasonable to complain that what he could offer he did not give sufficiently.

For although his neat and near-passionate melodic flow is always present, after the first act it is too seldom refreshed by anything like a new musical idea to maintain

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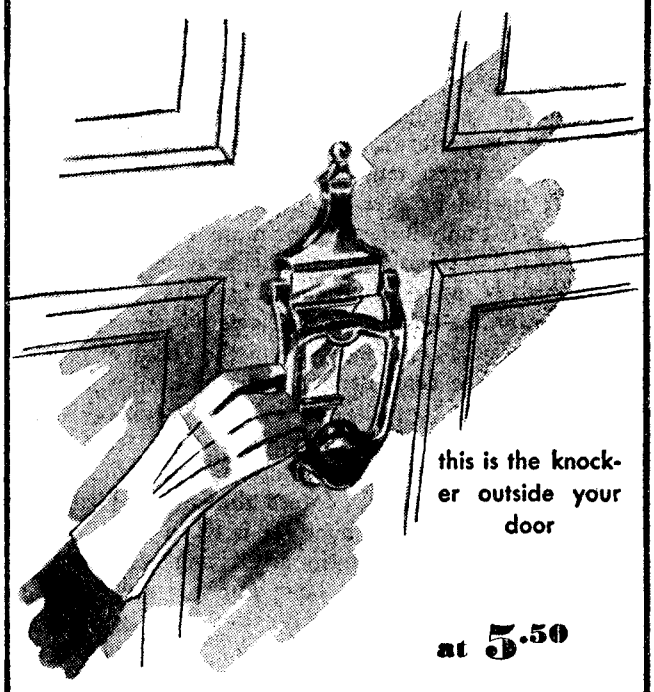

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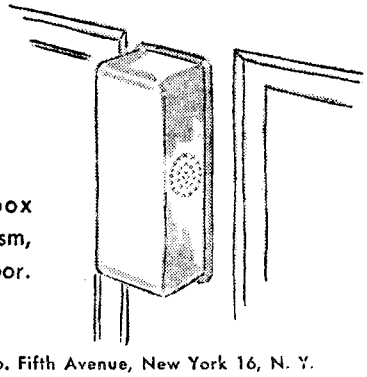

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purely aural interest. I began to notice strays of thread on the carpet and welcomed the diversion of picking them up.

Lest I am accused of not giving Puccini either his due or a full chance, allow me to defend myself in advance by demonstrating that my experiment in listening had a control. Both the day before and the day after "Butterfly," I sat out a recorded performance of his last opera, "Turandot," a performance I changed records for myself (one of the severest tests of music I can imagine); and as music, drama or merely an example of the Puccini Far-East it not only interested me more, but impressed me as immeasurably superior to the earlier work.

"Butterfly," as it continues, becomes monotonous. Monotony, on the other hand, is the very basis of "Turandot." That is, its attenuations seem the result of a deliberate plan of the composer's; an attempt, successful for the most part, to root suspense in an operatic equivalent of the East's legendary passivity. The very nature of the libretto, entirely dissimilar from other Puccini librettos in its emphasis on the chorus, forced the composer to think along lines unfamiliar to him. It is when he is given a chance in "Turandot" to write a "striking" aria or a gay little trio that he tends to lapse into the old habits of composition, and he was unfortunately no longer able to give these formulas their former life. And probably the point at which they began seriously to fail him was about halfway through "Butterfly."

My main objection to this opera, though, is its lack of grandeur; its lack of some undercurrent of related action that might raise its emotional level even to that of superficiality. Waiting, waiting is not enough. The lovely muted chorus and "Un Bel Di" should have sufficed to convey that. But after the cymbal-climaxed love duet everything is *decrescendo* and poor Butterfly (incidentally, the only real "part" in the opera) has so faded into her negative fidelity that her Hari-Kari seems hardly necessary. Another hour and she would have disappeared like a tear-drop in the sun. Even Puccini's old stand-by—the crashing reiteration of a familiar theme and a name repeated in rising *parlando*—cannot tug at those heart-strings reserved for Puccini final curtains and the vicissitudes of child actresses.

Where is "Norma" this year? I long for some real carryings-on.

CHESTER KALLMAN.

Louis Aragon

C. G. PAULDING

AFTER the defeat of France there were the two of them, de Gaulle in London, Pétain in Vichy, and each had other people talking for him, each had radio and propaganda services; together they did what they could for volume and wordage, sound and fury, but it was as if there were a silence in France, and only a silence in France, no matter what they did. There were these people telling the French what to do, there was this ever-diverse pair condemned to be omniscient, but the French people were not saying anything that could be heard outside France, and all they knew was that they had their dead to count, their defeat to contemplate, their lost freedom to remember.

It was in that period when everything was lost that Aragon* looked at what was lost and at what endured. What endured seemed lost also, except that what endures, held only in love, is never lost. Everything may be in the past but if it is held in love it is alive and present in the heart. In Aragon's poems there are all sorts of memories of his country's past and, in his country's mind and in his own, they must have been dead for years—ever since his school years when he learnt about them in books—but now in his own and in his country's distress, they are present once again, they live again, they are the past recaptured, they are as real to him as his love for his wife. He speaks about them as simply as he does about his wife. It does not matter whether he is speaking of his country or of his wife, or rather it matters a great deal that they were indistinguishable in that period when a man's own tormenting loneliness merged entirely with fifty million griefs and then beyond with the uncountable separations, the innumerable griefs of a whole world entering into war.

> I am yours. I am yours only. I adore
> Your footprint and the hollow where you lay
> Your slipper dropped, your handkerchief. Go sleep
> My frightened child. I promise to lie awake
> Here until dawn . . .

That is from "The Time for Crossword Puzzles," written while he was still in the army, before the collapse, and directly addressed to his wife. But in the wonderful "More Beautiful than Tears" there is a long procession of the cities and regions of France, and every one of them is the "footprint," the "hollow." Just as he had been separated from the woman he loved, so all France had been taken away from him—and from all the French—by the conquering armies; he looked at both with the same love; both lived because of that love; and it is for that gift which he made to the people of France, that present (of a presence) that he made to his compatriots, bringing back to them in his verse the France that seemed abstracted—and also abstract unless it was loved, held alive in love—that the people of France read his verses, repeated them, drew comfort from them.

In the French texts there are various ingenious technical tricks and here is the place to say that the translations are finely done. It seems almost impossible that such excellence should have been achieved but the work was done by poets who wanted to do it and who gave great care and the best of their own craftsmanship to carrying it out. It is because of the experimental technicalities in the French, the attempt to open the way to a new fluency in French rhyming and versification, that Aragon's work is traced to Apollinaire. It is obvious that Aragon is modern and technically sophisticated. But I think only formally, and it seems to me that when Cyril Connolly, in a preface to the Pantheon French edition of "Le Crève-Coeur," finds himself saying that "Auden is Aragon's equal in intellectual power . . ." we are approaching dan-

*Aragon. Poet of the French Resistance. Edited by Hannah Josephson and Malcolm Cowley. Duell. $2.00.

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gerous absurdity. I do not want to be funny but I would suggest that it would be more suitable to compare Aragon's intellectual power as a poet with that of Paul Géraldy.

"Toi et Moi," years ago, was poetry that you gave to a Vassar girl; if possible you read it to her aloud. At the time it seemed modern enough and certainly it was intimate. It sounded exceedingly like the few lines of Aragon's quoted above. If I remember rightly, Géraldy wrote his book for Germaine Lubin who was so very beautiful in Fauré's opera "Pénélope" in the old days in Paris and all that you could do with his verses was, I repeat, to use them between dances. Géraldy had not lost a country—the only thing that was lost at that time was a generation, and he had not yet heard about that from America—in "Toi et Moi" there is very little if any separation. But if Géraldy had written simply about France, about a defeated France, in a time of dismay and silence, he would have written very much what Aragon has written.

We are all alike, and love poetry always means something to us as long as love means anything to us, but when somebody writes love poems to a country when a country is sad, when everyone throughout an entire country has a great deal to be sad about, then the love poetry no longer is read aloud to girls between dances, it is read secretly or aloud, it is treasured by everyone in the country who can be heartened by words, rhythmed words, speaking about the country as about something that is still there to be loved. That is what happened to Aragon and it is not possible to separate his best poetry from the period in which it was written.

Yet I think the editors of this selection have overdone the identification. Surrounding the poems there is a preface by Malcolm Cowley, a long chapter on Aragon as a resistance leader by Peter C. Rhodes, for which the material seems to me a little thin; Waldo Frank writes on Aragon between wars; then there is a piece by Aragon on Saint-Pol Roux, the Breton poet beaten and killed by German Soldiers; his short story, "The Good Neighbors," neat and bitter, a *New Yorker* story; his account of the shooting of twenty-seven hostages at Chateaubriant, his "Introduction to 33 Sonnets Composed in Solitary Confinement—by 'Jean Noir'" (Jean Cassou); his "Appeal to French Intellectuals," and the first words he wrote after liberation—a short editorial entitled "Free."

Aragon's clandestine writing is interesting but not more interesting than a great deal of other such writing, and I think it has no place in a volume of his verse. Messrs. Cowley, Rhodes and Frank are intent on building up Aragon as an important character in the resistance movement, and whether he was as important as they say is not certain. Intellectuals are apt to think of themselves as being more important than they are, and when they write about each other they do not talk very much about the French workers, the syndicalists, Christian or otherwise, and in this case—it is extremely curious—these particular intellectuals do not even talk about so important a political element of the Resistance movement as was the Communist Party.

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I thought everyone knew that Aragon was a militant communist. I thought everyone knew that when France entered the war the French Communist Party did not favor the war and did not support the war. And so it seems strange to see Mr. Cowley stepping gingerly about with remarks such as these: "It was the war that made Aragon a poet again. He had written a quantity of verse in his younger days; and after his trip to Russia, about 1930, he had written one long poem, 'Red Front,' that led to his being given a sentence of five years in prison for insulting the French flag; but the sentence had been suspended and Aragon had plunged into politics, journalism and social fiction. In 1939 he was editor of *Ce Soir,* a left wing afternoon newspaper. . . . Then at the end of August the newspaper was suppressed . . . and the author, at the age of forty-two was drafted into the army, where Military Intelligence was instructed to keep a careful watch on him. . . . At first he was punished for his political opinions by being assigned to a labor regiment composed chiefly of Czech and Spanish refugees, people not trusted to bear arms at the front but merely to dig fortifications. . . ."

Dos Passos after the last war wrote about Military Intelligence as if it were the serpent in the garden, but surely Mr. Cowley in 1939, and if French, would scarcely have entrusted the defense of his nation to the French Communists—who would have refused the job—and in 1945, writing this preface, there surely can be no purpose in his being so historically vague. Mr. Peter Rhodes also has a charming remark. "All of them," he says, speaking of the resistance people, "from Catholics to Communists, had a tremendous respect for Aragon." What was this Aragon anyway—just as existentialist?

As W. H. Auden said (THE COMMONWEAL January 18), "a personal interest in poets apart from their work is unseemly," yet the fact is that communist poets do present a special case. It is interesting to know whether or not they write their best poetry when actively representing the cause to which they have given their allegiance. Aragon wrote, I think, his best book, that extraordinary "Paysan de Paris," even before he was a Dadaist, let alone a Communist. In it already was the feeling for locality, for the immediate love of a city, of a city block, the people living in the city block, which was the same love that appeared later in his war poems. Then he wrote a series of extremely dull novels to prove this theory or that theory. With France's defeat, freed from all theories, because he was momentarily alone with only his country and his grief, he wrote his poems, the grieving love poems to his country.

With the liberation he returned to his "left-wing politics" and to *Ce Soir*. At once he bitterly attacked André Gide; he became a policeman again in a hierarchy of police; what his poetry has become we do not know.

More Books of the Week

The Third Day. Arnold Lunn. Newman. $2.75.

THE only grave defect of "The Third Day," in our opinion, is a certain absence of right emphasis and construction. "I have by deliberate choice," writes the author in his concluding chapter, "confined myself to the Resurrection because there is an increasing tendency . . . to concentrate on other aspects of Christianity." If this were strictly so, "The Third Day" would have been a better book from the technical standpoint. But we do not reach the evidential element in the Gospels till page 20, in a volume of 133 pages; meanwhile, and often thereafter, the author is chasing after other aspects of orthodoxy and unbelief—the denial of miracles in general, the dogmas of Darwinism, the cures at Lourdes, the repulsive vagaries of "spiritualism," etc. Some of these things, to be sure, are closely germane to his avowed subject; others not so close. Nonetheless, and at the cost of some clumsiness of design and some careless repetitions, natural, if regrettable, in a born debater, Mr. Lunn has delivered himself of one of the most effective broadsides we know against contemporary unbelief.

Humpty Dumpty, according to Mr. Lunn, is the only begetter of the modernists, the innumerable well-meaning people of our world who like to call themselves Christians by which they effectively mean a Christianity with Christ left out. (" 'When I use a word,' said Humpty Dumpty, 'it means just what I choose it to mean, neither more nor less.' ") For, like it or not, either the Christ of the Gospels was God in human form, as He declared, or he was a most fabulous fraud. The error of Humpty Dumpty and his followers is to treat the Gospels as a necktie counter, where they select the patterns they happen to like and reject the rest. When they also happen to be translators of such Scriptures, like the late Dr. Moffatt, they can stoop to actual rearrangement of their originals; thus, in the up-to-date Moffatt version, the words: "This is My Body" become "This *means* (i.e. symbolizes) my body." One simply cannot play that type of ball with the Bible, particularly the Gospels. The latter stand four-square, composed partly of miracle, partly of morality; and one cannot reject the matter of the first, on the ground that "miracles don't happen," without the matter of the second falling rapidly into rags and tatters.

The central miracle (or "mystery" as Catholics call it) of the Resurrection is not disturbed a hair's breadth when Humpty Dumpty feverishly calls attention to the fact that the Fourth Gospel was not written by John the Apostle but John the Presbyter, for this is only saying that *Hamlet* was not written by Shakespeare but by another of the same name. Nor is the Resurrection immediately demolished because Matthew asserts there were three women at the empty tomb, and Mark says there were four. The only point of Easter morning is that the tomb was empty. Less than forty-eight hours after the Crucifixion, that thing, which, logically, should have become the most illustrious relic of the primitive Church, was utterly ignored and forgotten till the Crusades, or till it was again peopled by the amusing fantasies of Herr Strauss, Monsieur Renan and Professor Kirsopp Lake. The only plausible of these speculations (modernists always prefer visions to evidence) is also the earliest, that of the Sanhedrin in 29 a.d.: "And his disciples came and stole him away." Yet it would be a rash Hebrew scholar today who would assert that the Church, built up throughout the Roman Empire by such figures as Peter and James, John and Paul, rested upon a conscious and guilty lie.

Such are, in the main, some of the suggestions embodied in Mr. Lunn's volume. As a sound and often witty popularization, and for one whose shelves are unlikely to contain the heavier work of Fathers de Grandmaison,

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Arendzen and Lagrange, it is an indispensable book for anyone concerned with the fascinating subject of Christian Evidence. In conclusion, it appears almost obligatory to mention a little book, often cited by Mr. Lunn, "Who Moved the Stone?" by a non-Catholic layman, Frank Morison, now (and most unfortunately) out of print. Unlike "The Third Day," it is itself a veritable miracle, not merely of construction, but of insight. It unites, if the hyperbole be allowed, the purest and most arresting supernatural spirit with the primitive excitement of a first-class detective story, such as are no longer written since the days of Poe and Wilkie Collins. If this reviewer may speak in person for a moment, it has done more than any book save the Gospel to fortify his conviction of that major Article of the Christian Creed: "And the third day He rose again." CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

Arch of Triumph. Erich Maria Remarque. Appleton. $3.00.

HERE, at last, is a completely classical, and a very orderly, novel. Boy meets girl. Ravic, a refugee doctor, has no papers and therefore is not allowed to practice. He ghosts for some of the great Paris specialists, who pay him a mere pittance. He lives in a caravanserai, the Hotel International, filled with a conglomerate of remnants who have escaped their own infected countries, and, though they know France, too, is threatened with the plague, halt there from exhaustion. It is 1939. Ravic picks up a stumbling woman in the street "no whore, neither was she drunk." Half Spanish, half English, she has been brought to Paris by a Russian, who has died in their hotel. It is from his corpse, from her memories, and above all from the fact that he left her before her need of him was ended, that she is fleeing. Ravic gives her food and drink and bed: next day after successfully performing an operation, he finds her still in his room. He helps her dispose of her lover's corpse. Then he forgets her. But she sends for him, and Morosow, the kindly, traditional Russian doorman at the Scheherazade, who is playing chess with Ravic, tells him "that's not thanks, that's a cry for help." Ravic grumbles he is no charitable institution—he has even forgotten the woman's name—Joan Madou. But he goes to her and thereafter she continues to pursue him. He finds her a job, and falls truly in love with her. Yet he is able to see her for what she is—a glass jug, that takes color from whatever emotion or action she finds, or that finds her. Ravic helps in a street accident, and is of course discovered by the police, and extradited to Switzerland. He comes back after four months, to find Joan comfortably kept by a rich movie actor. So boy has lost girl. She is furious because she can't have both men, several men—why not?—one to love her, another to pay for her, a third to get her jobs—for is she not the eternal feminine of whom Rampion quoted, in Aldous Huxley's "Point Counterpoint": "woman is hungry, and eats, she is thirsty, and drinks; she is sleepy and sleeps; she lusts and . . .?" For some sad reason the nicest men always get completely entangled by such unicellular creators: Manon Lescaut is the story of one; "Of Human Bondage" of another. Joan Madou lives in an eternal present; yet she violates the natural order, for she is never at home. She is in her calvados, in her misery, in her singing, in her body when she makes love: she is never in that still secret place where her self can face itself. Ravic, by contrast,

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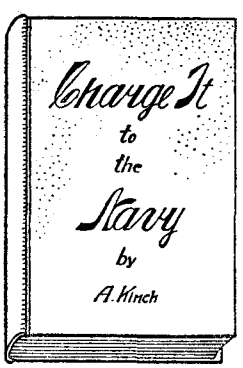

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is always at home, even when he loves or hates. And that is why Joan cares for him more than for any other man, for he always eludes her. She bursts out at him to justify herself "You did not need me! You are cold! You don't know anything about love! You were never altogether with me"—yet it is he who loves, and Joan is the one who but turns the cheek, even when she seems most shamelessly to be pursuing him.

In the end boy finds girl again. Joan is shot by her ham lover, who appeals to Ravic. But Ravic cannot save her, and, indeed, puts her out of her misery at the last. And the lovers act through a very operatic Liebestod in (most suitably!) Italian and German.

When the stiff, pious Nurse Eugenie, who finally denounces him to the authorities, tells Ravic he has nothing sacred left, he says, "when there is no longer anything sacred to one, everything becomes sacred in a more human way. One reverses the spark of life that pulses even in an earthworm, and that forces it from time to time up into the light of day. That's not meant to be a comparison." The priest who for most of his life directed Charles de Foucauld said "I never see a human being without wanting to give him absolution." Ravic never sees any live creature without wanting to heal. In the end, he is quite content to be carried off to a concentration camp at the outbreak of war, for doctors are always necessary; especially in war.

The best drawn characters and the nicest are Rolande, the *gouvernante* at the Osiris, and Kate, the American girl with cancer. There is a very exciting murder—Ravic tracks down and kills the Gestapo agent who tortured him in 1933. The whole novel is neat as nice knitting, and the dialogue is crisp, but not coarse, and always beautifully in key. It is hard to believe this is a translation—the rhythm of the sentences is so completely English: never do you feel, breathing down your neck, the ponderous German sentences which arrive puffing at the final step as though at the top step of a steep stair. Surgical operations can rarely have been more sensitively or more graphically described: the reader is left suffering vicariously from everything except housemaids knee. Finally, much fun will be had by all, in casting their favorite movie actors for Ravic and Joan: my own choices would be Boyer and Hepburn. ANNE FREMANTLE.

A Wreath for San Gemignano. Richard Aldington. Illustrations by Netta Aldington. Duell. $2.00.

TO MAKE a funeral wreath for the Tuscan hill town of San Gemignano, reportedly destroyed in the fighting of 1945, Richard Aldington has translated the sonnet sequence called "The Sonnets of the Months," the work of Folgore da San Gemignano, a poet of Dante's time. The poems, here presented in a semi-prose translation, are preceded by a nostalgic foreword, and accompanied by Mrs. Aldington's charming illustrations.

Folgore's poems were addressed to a *brigata spendereccia,* a spendthrift company of well-born Sienese youths which left more than one trace in Italian literature. The *brigata,* we are told elsewhere, once pooled some two hundred thousand florins, and spent the sum on a year of the "good life," finding themselves appropriately penniless at the end of it. Folgore describes the life they led, or dreamed of living—moving about from month to month in pursuit of the pleasant weather, living in the most luxurious comfort, surrounding themselves with (and, in turn, surrounding) a superabundance of the best in meats, fruits and wines, and disporting themselves, between meals, at riding, games, and venery in both senses of the word.

This "jocose poetry" is amusing rather than impressive, but might be read with profit by those who think that medieval Italian life was all strained toward the heaven of Saint Francis, the penances of the Flagellants, or the idealized love of Dante's *New Life.* Whether or not this Khayyámesque garland is a fitting wreath for the rubble of San Gemignano—and the point is debatable—Mr. Aldington's translations are pleasant, and convey the literal meaning of the original. To perceive the advantages of the prose rendering over an attempt to use the sonnet form in translation, one might compare the present work with Rossetti's labored reconstructions of the same poems in his "Early Italian Poets." To see how much is lost, any comparison with the original will serve—as, for instance:

> *Sometimes during the day you shall go to throw soft white snowballs at the girls,*

with

> *Uscir di for' alcuna volta il giorno*
> *Gittando della neve bella e bianca*
> *A le donzelle che staran dattorno.*

G.R.

The Beleaguered City. Alfred Hoyt Bill. Knopf. $3.00.

THERE was no pomp or glory in Richmond, 1861-1865. Instead of the glamor many had expected as an accompaniment of the war, there came instead misery, malnutrition, inflation, decadence, sickness, disease, and everywhere and at all times, death. It is hardly an oversimplification to maintain that the Civil War was essentially the attack upon and the defense of Richmond. It was assumed from the start that if Richmond fell, the cause that it represented would fall with it. The North knew it, too; the seizure of Richmond was the main objective of Northern strategists from Bull Run to Appomattox.

The author does not believe that Richmond was a hotbed of secession in 1861. Far from being anxious for secession, the city and its people seemed to favor union with the North until Lincoln called for volunteers, following the firing on Fort Sumter. The secessionists then took advantage of the situation, and Richmond's purgatory began. Soon the city became a gigantic but very inadequately equipped hospital for Southern soldiers and a prison for Northern troops. The old order disappeared. A new class took possession of the city. With each victory, emotions ran riot; with each defeat, and with the accompanying funerals, Richmond plumbed the depths of despair. Profiteering became the order of the day; inflation pushed flour to $1,500 per barrel; confidence in Jefferson Davis waned and distrust of his Cabinet members was openly expressed; finally there came the abandonment of the city and, as everyone knew, the end of the war. Lincoln visited the city early in April, 1865, and found it burned out, a city of the dead; a few days later the news of Lincoln's death reached Richmond, but excited no emotions of any kind. The city had suffered too much for any new experience to make an impression. A city, like a human being, has a limit to its endurance. In this very interesting book, based upon wide reading and research, the author has presented an unforgettable picture of war-time devastation, in all its horrible ramifications. PAUL KINIERY.

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Twelve Stories. Steen Steensen Blicher. Princeton (for the American Scandinavian Foundation). $3.00.

UP TO now few Americans, I daresay, have ever heard of the Danish author of these fascinating tales, although his name is a byword in Scandinavia. His short stories are so good that I wonder what other national favorites there are in smaller countries whose works, if translated, would enrich the lives of English-speaking peoples.

Steen Steensen Blicher was apparently one of those writers who could not express himself freely if he tried to place his narratives in his own time—roughly the first half of the nineteenth century. Yet, by throwing things back in his imagination to a generation or two before, he wrote both with ease and sparkle. Jutland with its heaths, landed estates and poor country persons is what he knew and wrote about. His stories are marked by great loves and hates, robbery, violence and gloom; yet they are pervaded by a strong Christian spirit—often quite explicit. Love and unfaithfulness comprise the most recurrent theme.

Good as these stories are as examples of the picaresque with religious overtones, they are not actually as fascinating as Sigrid Undset's account of the author's own life, which takes up the first fifty pages. He was beset by much of the travail which laid low the parish clerk, the private tutor and others of his most famous characters—grinding poverty, the unfaithfulness of his wife, the scorn of his fellows and the like. He became addicted to drink and finally was regarded as so disreputable that the post of leader of the annual local patriotic rally which he himself had organized was taken from him. Yet he accepted blow after blow with Christian resignation. And although he was unable to keep his head above water with a blind father, a wife and ten children to support, he did not hesitate to take under his roof three additional needy relatives. At one time only a national subscription fund prevented him from being evicted from his parsonage for his debts. Impractical as he was about tilling his own acres, he was forever encouraging the neighboring peasants to sounder methods of cultivation and to organizing for their mutual benefit. Parson Blicher was an ardent patriot and a true father of his rural flock. He was a devotee of English literature, with Ossian as his favorite poet. Sigrid Undset's stirring account of his turbulent life reveals an erratic but heroic Christian figure; his stories as translated by Hanna Astrup Larsen are absorbing samples of the narrative art.

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

My Head and My Heart. Helen Duprey Bullock. Putnam. $3.00.

IN HER work with the commission replanning Williamsburg and her researches in Jeffersoniana, Mrs. Bullock ran across a presented volume of Italian songs and duets by Marie Cosway (1759-1838) which stimulated a search for more Jefferson-Cosway letters and an interest in widower Jefferson's platonic romance with the languishing and deeply religious Anglo-Italian wife of the eminent engraver, miniature makers, and flirtatious fop, Richard Cosway. Some twenty-five letters were found in the effects of the attorney for the estate of Thomas Jefferson Randolph, who was his grandfather's executor, and purchased for the University of Virginia: On the basis of these interesting epistles, commencing in

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Next Week

A POLICY FOR ARGENTINA, by Christopher Emmet, follows up this week's article. First of all it explains why so many people here in the United States who have written about Argentina have misunderstood the character of the Peron political machine; it makes use of European parallels which indicate the rôle assigned to underprivileged groups in fascist revolutions. The article concludes by suggesting a series of things we can do to compensate for our previous blunders.

MAURICE BARING, by Anne Fremantle, is a well deserved tribute by a personal acquaintance to one of the most cultivated English writers of modern times. Mr. Baring died just before Christmas. He had many gifts but will perhaps be best known to posterity for his interest in Russian literature. He was a translator of Pushkin and idolized Dostoievsky at a time when very few of that novelist's great works were available in English. Mr. Baring was undoubtedly one of England's most brilliant modern converts.

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1786 with the dialogue between Jefferson's head and his heart and continuing at irregular intervals until 1825, Mrs. Bullock has written a delightful story woven into the fictionized history of the times and the glittering salon life of the Georgian era. In a world of scandalous contemporaries, there is no suggestion of an affair, for the lady was good and Jefferson was ruled by his head.

Maria Hadfield Cosway, born in Florence to a Manchester merchant, was an artist and a musician whose salon in London or in Paris was thronged by the élite and the literate. In Paris she met Minister Jefferson through John Trumbull, painter, for Jefferson's home was a mecca of literateurs, radicals, encyclopedists, and veterans of the American War in those years before the fall of the Bastille. Mrs. Cosway and Jefferson had much in common, and probably sadness for Jefferson had lost a wife and a daughter. His Patsy was in a fashionable convent. He had time to learn and love France and its people. After 1789, Jefferson and Maria followed each other's careers at a distance. He helped her brother settle as an architect in America; she had letters from America (1801) giving "a most desolate account of Catholics" so she hoped President Jefferson would prove their friend. Her child died; she took care of an errant husband ere he died; she founded a school for girls at Lodi in 1812. She was giving of herself for education in the years that Jefferson was planning and creating his university. Later she purchased the Duke of Lodi's mansion for her endowed school, won the emperor's patronage, and assigned the academy as a convent to the Dame Inglesi. Her school continues; his university thrives; her husband's miniatures are prized, even the naughty snuff boxes.

RICHARD J. PURCELL.

French Literature and Its Masters. George Saintsbury. Edited by Huntington Cairns. Knopf. $3.00.

HONORING the centenary of one of the great students of French literature, Huntington Cairns has here collected Saintsbury's critical essays on Joinville, Rabelais, Montaigne, Corneille, Madame de Sévigné, Racine, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, Balzac, and Gautier; and rounded out the volume with his "French Literature from the Beginning to 1900," the best short history of the subject. These brilliant essays, rescued from the forbidding pages of the Encyclopaedia Britannica (11th edition), are highly readable, rich in critical insights, and scholarly without being pedantic. The volume is an admirable guide to the riches of French literature and a fitting memorial to a notable figure in the tradition of English humanism. Saintsbury's charmingly informal bibliographies, which induce rather than discourage further study, have been brought up to date by the editor, though in somewhat hasty and unsatisfactory fashion.

MASON WADE.

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